

Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of
wit.
—Shakespeare.

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen and through their habitation walks
To mark their doings.
—Milton.

SEVENTEEN

Honolulu Amateurs to Revive Shakespeare Play

"Taming of the Shrew" is Footlights' Unique Tercentenary Event

Local Performances to Be of Particular Merit

Many Weeks of Hard Work Put on Rehearsals and Strict Attention Paid to Costume Details

HONOLULU is not behind-hand in the celebration of the Shakespearean tercentenary—the three-hundredth anniversary which is being commemorated in almost every civilized land, even some of those plunged in war.

Next week three productions will be given by Honolulu amateurs of "The Taming of the Shrew," one of the best known and most justly popular of the Shakespearean comedies. The Footlights, a dramatic club of Honoluluans, a real "Made in Hawaii" organization, is giving three performances of this great play. The first is Wednesday evening, April 20; the second Friday evening, April 22, and the third a matinee on Saturday afternoon, April 23. Tickets went on sale this morning at the office of the Territorial Messenger Service.

The local productions are being given with an elaborateness, an attention to detail, and an endeavor to revive the characters and atmosphere of the time about which Shakespeare wrote, that insure the most appreciative attention. Into the making of this triple performance has gone many weeks of hard work, done for the love of doing a good thing well.

It is a notable thing in the literary life of the city that such a performance has been attempted and that the preliminary work augurs for continuing and acting with strictly from the standpoint of merit deserve serious attention from lovers of Shakespeare and his monumental works.

STORY OF PETRUCHIO'S MASTERFUL WOOING TOLD IN QUANT RHYMES

HERE is the story of "The Taming of the Shrew," told in verse. It is republished by the Star-Bulletin from an old, quaint and much-worn volume, "Shakespearean Tales in Verse," by Mrs. Valentine. From this book also are taken the outline illustrations for the text. The synopsis is worth preserving.

Once on a time, in days gone by,
A merchant lived in Italy,
Who had two daughters young and fair.

One, named of joy—the other, care,
For Kate, alas! disturbed his life
With endless scenes of noisy strife.
So bad a temper, he felt sure,
Never tormented man before!

His other child, Bianca named—
His love for many virtues claimed.
But Kate would often scold and sneer,
Her sister, though as calm and sweet.
One day she tied Bianca's hands,
But while she held her thus in bonds,
Their father came and set her free
From her sister's tyranny.

The townsfolk, who this story knew,
Called the cross girl a wicked shrew.
A shrew is one who scolds and cries,
And often in a passion flies.
The merchant hoped that some fine day
A husband might take Kate away;
But who that liked a quiet life
Would choose a wren for his wife?

At last, however, a suitor came;
Petruchio was the bold man's name.
Just as he talked the matter over
With Katherine's father at the door,
Kate's master trembled and stood pale,
A broken-lute in his hands.
The merchant full of sudden fear,
That some new outbreak they might hear
(For the poor man looked both scared and pale),
Hastened to stop the dreaded tale,
And cried, "What will my daughter
be?"

A good musician? Woefully
The master answered, "I should say
A better soldier, Sir. Today,
As I to teach her fingering tried,
And bade her mind her frets she
cried,
"Frets, call you them? Then I will
fret
And fume, and you your due shall get!"
With that, her cheeks all fiery red,
She beat the lute about my head,
Right through the broken wood it
passed,
And I was in a pillory fast!

While there she called me every name
That ready to her anger came.

The father heard him with an air
Of mingled anger and despair,
And to his daughter's suitor turned
(Who thus the maiden's temper
learned),
And said, "This story of the lute
Will doubtless end your present suit;
You cannot by your choice abide;
Go, seek elsewhere a gentler bride."
"Nay," said Petruchio, "I will woo
And wed this merry maiden, too!
I like her spirit; give her me,
And we shall live right jovially."

He wooed her, though she stormed
and raved,
And calmly all her fury braved.
Until her shrewish rage was done,
And he a stormy bride had won.
He bore her off the wedding-day,
Refusing for the feast to stay,
And over many a rugged road,
He took her to his own abode.

Then hungry, weary, cross, the bride
Sits down to supper by his side.
Across the board he casts his eyes,
"What's this?" With angry voice he
cries.
"Roast mutton, sir." "Say, mutton
burnt!"
He thunders. "Knave, have you not
learned
That I detest meat overdressed?
Take this, and this, and all the rest;
Go this a bride's feast you call!"



The breaking of the lute over a
suitor's head. "Frets, call you
these?" she said, through
the instrument my pate made
way!"

Here, take it, trenchers, cups, and all.
Then on the floor the whole he threw,
And right and left the china flew.

No supper Kath'rine had that night,
But hungry woke with morning's light,
And putting haughtiness aside,
Went forth to get her wants supplied.
Then finding in another room,
Grumio, her husband's groom,
She begged that he would bring her
meat.

No matter what—that she might eat;
"For I am really starved," she said;
"With bawling only am I fed.
Go, Grumio, get me any food,
I care not what, so it be good."
"I think," then said the cunning lad,
"You would not find a neat's foot
bad?"

"I like it well; go bring it here."
She cries. He answers, "Nay, I fear
Too cold a meat for you 'twould be;
It might not quite with you agree.
A fine boiled tripe, perhaps, you'd
eat."

Or beef, with mustard, is good meat."
She said, "For beef, I greatly wish;
I always like that English dish."
"Aye, but the mustard is too hot,"
He slyly adds, "The beef is best
Without it; let the mustard rest."

DIRECTOR WM. LEWERS GIVES PRAISE TO ABLE ASSISTANTS

Tells Why Amateurs are Able to Produce Shakespeare Here

HIS SKILFUL HAND AT HELM OF PRODUCTION

With characteristic self-effacement, William Lewers, director of The Footlights' production of "The Taming of the Shrew," has this to say of those who are assisting him in producing the play.

"Few persons realize how difficult it is for an amateur organization to put on anything Shakespearean. It would be absolutely and physically impossible for me to do it with only the evening hours at my disposal were it not for the untiring efforts put forth by such ladies as Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Mrs. F. R. Day, Miss Beatrice Castle, Mrs. W. W. Thayer, Mrs. Armstrong and others.

"Nobody knows how much work devolved upon Mrs. Macfarlane when the play came only three weeks ago that the San Francisco costumes wanted about \$800 for the costumes, scenes and props needed in the play. Mrs. Macfarlane has accomplished wonders in having these costumes made to order for each member of the cast and absolutely true to the period of the play. There are nearly 40 persons in the cast all told, and she has had a terrible strain getting them done on time, with her baby ill at home and demanding constant attention.

"When Mrs. Day's name is given out as chairman of the committee on scenery, how many know that she is painting the exits and scenery with her own hand, and is attending to all the lighting effects herself?

"The one item of handling the cast, keeping them notified of times and place of rehearsals, etc., has been most efficiently attended to by Miss Castle. And the work of assembling the required props has been proceeded with systematically and unceasingly by Mrs. Thayer. It's the hearty support of such public-spirited ladies as these, not forgetting the members of the cast who deserve much praise for the number of evenings they have devoted to rehearsals, that makes possible the work of directing so ambitious a production.

"Honolulu is to be congratulated that it has such people who are willing to make considerable personal sacrifices for the sake of art and the entertainment of the community."

"Either or both, or what you will—Unless you wish me hungry still." "Well, then, the mustard," he replies, "Without the beef."—With flashing eyes,

Kath'rine upon the varlet flies. And wildly in her fury cries, "You mock me with the name of meat!" Then straight begins the groom to beat.

He darts away and leaves her there, In sobbing anguish and despair.

But now her husband brings her food, And Kate, whose anger makes her rude, No thanks for it will deign accord, But sullen seats her at the board.

"Nay, then," he says, "the meat return." For service you have yet to learn; The breakfast must be sent away Unless due thanks for it you pay. Here, take it hence!" "No, no!" she cried;

"I thank you," hunger conquering pride. He smiled and "Dearest wife," he said, "When you at last are duly fed. The tradesmen wait upon your leisure To deck you with their rustling treasure."

And now the wedding trousseau brought, Which in these days the bridegroom bought. A cap the haberdasher shows Of costly velvet, lace, and bows. "What's this?" the angry bridegroom cries.

"A walnut shell of smallest size? A knave? A toy? A velvet dish? Bring larger; we'll have none of this!" The startled bride, with flashing eyes, Exclaims, "The cap's the proper size; I'll have no bigger if you please; Gentlewomen wear such caps as these!"

"When you are gentle," murmured he, "Such caps, perhaps, your own may be."

The tailor next a dress displays, Which, like the cap, wins little praise. "What masking stuff," he cries, "is here?" Who, think you, such a sleeve could wear?

Here's snip and rip, and cut and slash; And everywhere an ugly gash—Take it away! In vain the bride To keep the pretty garment tried, With tears and scolding, pout and frown.

Her husband sent away the gown. In vain she storms, his iron will, Firm and unmoved, resists her still.

Now for her father's house they start, And still the bridegroom plays his part. It was a bright, sunshiny noon.



William Lewers, whose years of experience on the professional stage, enthusiasm and interest in Honolulu productions have been put at the disposal of The Footlights for "The Taming of the Shrew."

He cries, "How goodly shines the moon!"

"The moon?" the scornful bride replies,

"There is no moon in noontide skies; It is the sun." He turns his rein: "Now homeward will we go again! Crossed evermore I will not be,"

(Continued on page 18)



Petruchio's violence of method shows itself. "What's this? A velvet bauble! A dish! I will have none of it. Go, get me a bigger!"

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES DO ENERGETIC WORK

"Who's Who" in Production, and Those Who Are Taking Part in Bard of Avon's Great Comedy

Supporting E. A. Douthett as Petruchio, the shrew-tamer, and Miss Desmond Kelley, the "Shrew," the following well known Honoluluans are members of the cast of "The Taming of the Shrew" to be produced next week by the Footlights Club as its contribution to the tercentenary celebration:

"The Play Within the Play." Baptista, Katherine's father..... George C. Potter Lucutio, suitor to Bianca, and wealthy..... L. Young Corretters Gremio, also suitor to Bianca..... Judge W. L. Whitney Hortensio, a third suitor to Bianca..... Harold Dillingham Tranio, servant to Lucutio..... E. White Sutton Grumio, servant to Petruchio..... R. E. Lambert Biondello..... E. H. Steel Tailor..... Arthur Mackintosh Servants—Dr. Welick, Mr. Hite, Mr. Bush, Mr. Zabiskie.

Women in Cast. Bianca, daughter of Baptista..... Marie von Holt Curtis, serving-woman for Petruchio..... Mary von Holt Page..... Katherine Kilbourne "The Induction."

The induction of this play is to be used as a prelude to the main play. The cast for the induction is as follows: Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker..... William Warren A lord..... Thomas Young A Page, in the lord's employ..... Watson Ballentine Hostess..... Mrs. Frank Armstrong Huntsmen—Mr. Bennett, Percy Devorill, Philip Spalding, J. P. Morgan.

Committees in Charge. Mrs. Walter F. Dillingham, president of The Footlights, and Mrs. F. R. Day, founder of the club, are both indefatigable workers attending to all the details pertaining to the coming production, and they have assisting them the following committees:

Director and stage manager, William Lewers; scenery, Mrs. F. R. Day; costumes, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane; publicity, Mrs. Arthur Smith; properties, Mrs. W. W. Thayer; music, Harry Macfarlane; dances, L. Young Corretters.

Mrs. W. L. Whitney, whose husband, Judge Whitney, is one of the principals, has from the very first been an interested spectator at all rehearsals and has made herself invaluable to the various committees.

Perhaps no one person has been devoting more time to rehearsals and other details of the necessary routine than Miss Beatrice Castle, and a great deal of the credit for the success of the performances will be due to her efforts.

The last rehearsal this week was held at the Kiloahana art rooms last evening. There will be no rehearsal tonight nor tomorrow, although if it were not Easter Sunday another rehearsal would have been called, as no time or effort is being spared to make the success as sure as possible.

Owing to the leasing of the Opera House during the last two weeks by Evangelist McCord, the members of the cast have been unable to rehearse there on the big extended stage built for the occasion, and there are only two rehearsals remaining before the first performance, on Wednesday.

The inscription over Shakespeare's grave is an offer of reward if you do, and a threat of punishment if you don't, all in choice doggerel. Why did he not learn at the feet of Sir Thomas Lucy and write his own epitaph?

But I rather guess I know why his grave was not marked with his name. He was a play-actor, and the church people would have been outraged at the thought of burying a "strolling player" in that sacred chancel. But his son-in-law, Doctor John Hall, once the great man and was bound he should have a worthy resting place; so at midnight, with the help of a few trusted friends, he dug the grave and lowered the dust of England's greatest son. Then they hastily replaced the stones, and over the grave they placed the slab that they had brought.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves my bones."

A threat from a ghost! Ah, no one dare molest that grave—besides they didn't know who was buried there—neither are we quite sure. Long years after the interment, someone set a bust of the poet, and a tablet, on the wall over against the grave.

Gentlemen of Verona! L. G. French 3. England in Shakespeare's Day..... Edward Meyer 4. "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," Shakespearean sonnet..... Music by Bishop 5. How Shakespeare Really Lived..... Ralph Ault 6. The Theater of Shakespeare's Time..... Vesta Quinn 7. Dances from "Henry VIII." by Edward German..... Miss L. Parrish 8. Portia's Mercy Speech, from "Merchant of Venice," Ethel Harvey 9. "The Seven Ages of Man," from "As You Like It," Pauline Kluegel

The entertainment will be very interesting and entertaining. The patrons and friends of the school are cordially invited to attend.

The program is as follows: 1. The Shakespeare Tercentenary..... Fred Klebahn 2. "Who is Sylvia?" from "Two

Musical Numbers Will Add Fidelity to Detail

Orchestral Setting of "Merry Wives of Windsor" Will Be Given as Overture Here

THE musical numbers to be given at "The Taming of the Shrew" by The Footlights on the 26th inst. offers a treat to music lovers. Very popular has been Nicolai's setting to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and the overture, which is to be given by the orchestra, is one of the gems of light opera.

A group of three English dances will be heard. These are from the music to "Henry VIII." composed by Edward German; the Morris Dance, Shepherd Dance and Torch Dance.

These are very characteristic of the old-time dances of "Merrie England." Among those which the peasantry enjoyed we find the "Morris Dance," frequently alluded to by Shakespeare.

"It is generally believed that this was one of the Spanish dances that arose during the Moorish possession in the middle ages. Its name is derived from 'Morisco,' a Moor. It was known in France in the thirteenth century and was there called 'Morisque.' In England it seems to have been united with an earlier dance, a sort of pantomime, in which the deeds of Robin Hood and his merry men were celebrated." (Louis C. Elson.)

Other authorities attribute this dance to gypsy origin. Be this as it may, the dance reflects a romping, care-free spirit, and in it is preserved one of the oldest pantomimes of England.

"This dance was associated with the May festivities in old England. The dancers in the Morris frequently indulged in the effort to 'dance each other down,' so that the exercise often became a trial of physical endurance."

A 'LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE,' BY HUBBARD

[Honolulu's observance of the Shakespearean tercentenary, through the staging next week of "The Taming of the Shrew" by The Footlights, gives special interest to the following extract from the periodical that Elbert Hubbard created, "The Fra."]

The first glimpse we get of Stratford is the spire of Holy Trinity; then comes the tower of the new Memorial Theater. There is a Macbeth livery stable, a Falstaff bakery, and all the shops keep Othello this and Hamlet that. I saw briarwood pipes with Shakespeare's name carved on the bowl. The inscription on the birthplace is given a cheerful little lecture on the various relics and curiosities as they are shown. I was at Stratford four days and went four times to this old curiosity shop. Each time when we came to that document, certified to by "Judith X (her mark) Shakespeare," I was told that it was very probable that Judith could write—she merely affixed her name; that way in merry jest! John Shakespeare could not write; it is doubtful whether Ann Hathaway could. Judith married Thomas Quiney. The only letter addressed to Shakespeare that can be found is one from the happy father of Thomas, Mr. Richard Quiney, asking for a loan of 30 pounds. Among all the smothering of other Shakespearean relics that fact alone stands out in a solemn way as the one undisputed thing in his whole career.

In England, poets are relegated to a "corner," and in the whole land there is no monument to the immortal bard.

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But I rather guess I know why his grave was not marked with his name. He was a play-actor, and the church people would have been outraged at the thought of burying a "strolling player" in that sacred chancel. But his son-in-law, Doctor John Hall, once the great man and was bound he should have a worthy resting place; so at midnight, with the help of a few trusted friends, he dug the grave and lowered the dust of England's greatest son. Then they hastily replaced the stones, and over the grave they placed the slab that they had brought.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves my bones."

A threat from a ghost! Ah, no one dare molest that grave—besides they didn't know who was buried there—neither are we quite sure. Long years after the interment, someone set a bust of the poet, and a tablet, on the wall over against the grave.

Why should not England have a fitting monument to Shakespeare? He is her own universal citizen. His name is honored in every school or college of earth where books are prized. There is no scholar in any clime who is not his debtor.

He was born in England; he never was out of England; his ashes rest in England. But England's Budget has never been ballasted with a single penny to help preserve inviolate the memory of her one son to whom the world ungoes.

Victor Hugo has said something on this subject which runs about like this: "Why a monument to Shakespeare? He is his own monument and England is its pedestal. Shakespeare has no need of a pyramid; he has his work."

What can bronze or marble do for him? Malachite and alabaster are of no avail; jasper, serpentine, basalt, porphyry, granite: Stones from Paros and marble from Carrara—they are all a waste of pains: Genius can do without them.

What architect has the skill to build a tower so high as the name of Shakespeare? Add anything if you can to mind! Then why a monument to Shakespeare?

I answer, not for the glory of Shakespeare, but for the honor of England!

Whenever a liner goes under to a submarine the British newspapers ask, "What will the United States do?" Why pass the buck—is it not Britain's duty to look after her own merchant vessels?—S. F. Chronicle.

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